

mouth football game, though some may possibly question his discretion in the matter.

"To be a good 'mixer' a minister need not take his noonday lunch in a tin bucket and toil in a factory; he need not work a week as a street-car conductor or spend his vacation preaching to steerage passengers, though none of these experiences need detract from his prestige as a minister of Christ, if entered upon in the right spirit; quite the contrary.

"But the whole point of this discussion is, if ministers find that people are not interested in what they are saying in the church, a part of the explanation may be found in the fact that ministers are not sufficiently interested in what people are doing outside of the church. And the gospel that the minister preaches loses much of its professional, cut-and-dried tone when the man who preaches it has proved that he is a man with large human sympathies—and he must prove this by 'mixing.'"

THE RELIGION OF THE SMILE AND FLOWER.

Yellow fever was epidemic in New Orleans. From the French market to the river, and all along the levee, and back through the old city, the terror spread. Everyone who could get away went, and those who remained, quarantined, sat down to a battle with death. To be in a city, yet cut off from the world, this, if anything, is isolation. To be surrounded with and dependent upon men and women, any one of whom may yet prove the source of a deadly contagion, this is the occasion of despair or even of madness.

But science has brought a ground of encouragement. Men need not fear each other, but the mosquito. And good sense and religion all united to emphasize the lesson; the city's salvation lay in united and unselfish effort for the common good.

Prominent among the workers was a young minister who had refused to flee from the city, and whose work day by day in the midst of danger brought comfort to the dying and hope to those in despair.

The health officers and the volunteer committees had been laboring to screen all cisterns and vaults where mosquitoes could breed, and had just about finished their work when a storm tore away the thin netting, and made innumerable new pools for the breeding of the fever-spreading pests.

Men heard the rain and wind in the night with sinking heart, and rose the next day to find their precautions vain and their labors futile. What was left, but to curse God and die?

It was on that morning that the headquarters of the committee flamed out a new motto, placarded there by the young minister:

"Wear a smile on your face and a flower in your buttonhole."

Men would not have heeded a sermon more dogmatically; but few could resist the persuasion of a homily so sensible and short. They pinned on the flower, smiled, and took heart, and went about the hard duty of repairing the work the storm had destroyed. And now, as they look back upon those days of distress, it seems to them a message from heaven that came to them in their need—"Wear a smile on your face and a flower in your buttonhole."

There are many persons who face hard situations and need the same message, and need it as a message of faith in God. God reigns, and through evil and good will cause all things to work together for good. Faith such as this may well blossom in the smile and flower, and these will surely carry the gospel of hope and trust to other lives, and cause religion to become contagious.

It is written in the Word of God, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." A mind so stayed must bring peace to other minds. The smile of serene trust reflects itself in the life that sees the smile. The flower of hope blossoms in other hearts than his who plucks and wears it.

When duty is hard, and your own faith is low, "Wear a smile on your face and a flower in your buttonhole."

HEAVEN A PLACE.

Of course heaven is a place. God's people are to have future existence, and it is impossible to live without having location. As long, and as surely, as we are individuals we are to have a locality in which our individual existence is too vague and misty to conceive of locality in connection with the heavenly life, they are apt to become unbelieving and uncertain as to the continuance of their own personal identity. We believe that God is to continue His people in self-conscious identity, and that He is to give them assurance of their continued personality in a real and delightful environment.

We do not know where heaven is. But God knows, and it is a reserved place for a kept people. The Lord Jesus Christ has gone to prepare it for those who love Him. He is waiting there to receive His people unto Himself as they are called away from earth. His loved ones are to be with Him. His prayer was, that those who had been given Him might be with Him. He prayed that they might die, in good time. It is not a fearful thing, then, to die. It is only a going home, in accordance with the Saviour's dying wish and prayer. There is to be no going out into the darkness. It will be a home-going into the warmth and light of the presence of the Lord.

Heaven is a great place, a large place, with room for many, a house of many mansions. There will be room in it for all who love God. There will be ample space for all their varied occupations. They will be active and busy in His service. Heaven will not be a place for idleness, nor mere ease-taking. His servants shall serve Him, and there will be many forms of service. There will be nothing that can hurt nor defile. There will be no form of labor in which there shall not be usefulness and delight. There will be nothing done that can work evil or pain to any creature. There will be no pain or anything that can produce sorrow. There will be no war, or the use of anything by means of which war is waged. Heaven will be a place of glory and gladness. Those who are there will live continually to the glory of God.

There is no use in praying to God about our difficulties if we mean to keep on fretting about them.—Matthew Simpson.